

AGAIN come rumors of Cabinet changes. Do not credit them.

GEN. WILLIAMS is gaining ground in the Kentucky gubernatorial fight. It now looks very much as if old Cerro Gordo would come off victor.

AGAIN we have reports of yellow fever in the South. Will our Street Commissioner and Health Board see that Cincinnati is put in the best sanitary condition that it has been in for years?

WHENEVER things in Louisiana look really settled, it is safe to conclude that another row is imminent. The calm that prevailed up to yesterday is followed by a storm, as usual. We shall know the result of the last misunderstanding in a few days.

THE Democratic papers are making Governor Allen out quite a young man. Unless they call a halt, he will soon be considered an inexperienced youth, and classed among the "Rising Young Statesmen" of the Gagehan-Gordon school. If it is proposed to make a President of him, he should not be put much under fifty.

THE statement that General Hawley, of Connecticut, was defeated for Congress because of his independent course, comes with little force, when it is remembered that he ran fully a thousand votes ahead of the rest of the ticket in his district. There were several causes that operated to defeat him, but his own course in Congress was not one of them.

MEMBERS of the Board of Education did well yesterday in the selection of Mr. William O'Neal as president of the body. He is thoroughly posted as to the duties of the School Board, is an experienced member, and will make a most efficient presiding officer. He was backed by men who understood well the qualifications necessary to the position, and he will disappoint them in no particular.

It is reported that the colored people in Washington and throughout the South have pretty much ceased to celebrate the anniversary of the Emancipation Proclamation. Not more than forty persons are said to have been in the procession at Washington last Friday, while heretofore there have been from fifteen to twenty thousand in line rejoicing in the issue of their charter of liberty. In this falling off they show their good sense. They are not the party to celebrate with shouts, speeches, music and bonfires, the acquisition as a gift from the oppressor, of that which had been so long wrongfully withheld from them. Had they achieved their own independence, as John Brown would have had them do, the event would be a very proper occasion for an annual jubilee. So far from getting their rights by their own terrible defiance of the government that enslaved them, they stood faithfully by their owners during the war in which their masters undertook to overthrow the government that would not nationalize slavery, and to establish a confederacy with slavery for its corner-stone. The colored people are not, therefore, the proper party to celebrate the Emancipation Proclamation. Rather should the whites celebrate it, as the instrument that rolled from their consciences the terrible load of guilt for holding human beings as dumb brutes are held in absolute ownership to sell at their pleasure, separating husband from wife, parent from child. It is true that a very small portion of the slaves felt the spirit of freedom and shared in the struggle on the right side; but not so with the mass of them. It is also true that, alone, they could not have extorted liberty from so gigantic an oppressor. The time for them, however, was approaching. In the course of time an insurrection would have occurred in the South and a stand been made for a sufficient period to involve the whole country in civil war. The negroes would have received immense white reinforcements from the North. Probably the people would have been about equally divided. The issue would have been determined only after a long and bloody conflict.

ARKANSAS REDEMPTING HERSELF

Charles Nordhoff is doing for the New York Herald a good work for Arkansas. He was sent to that State to thoroughly explore all its affairs, public and private, and give a true account of her condition. This investigation is opportune as showing the effect which the "letting up" of the Federal Government has had upon the social, political and material condition of the State.

In his last letter, dated March 30, Mr. Nordhoff presents an encouraging view of Arkansas affairs. He described in a previous letter the financial burden that rascality had imposed upon the people.

The State debt had been increased in seven years from \$3,000,000 to \$20,000,000, for which there is nothing to show but 171 miles of railroad that pay no interest on the bonds loaned by the State at the rate of \$15,000 per mile for some, and \$10,000 to roads having land grants. There has been issued to these fragments of roads \$3,300,000, at the rate of over \$30,000 per mile! Another swindle was in levee bonds which were squandered by a ring. In short, the State debt amounts to \$115 to every voter, and including the county, township and school debts, it is about \$175 per head.

But this load does not crush the people. They are greatly encouraged with the hope of relieving themselves, since they have got the upper hand of the carpet-bag swindlers. The "color line" is now dissolving, and the whites are fairly

dividing into two parties which draw about equally upon the negroes, since no race issues are now considered.

The southern and eastern part of the State is a corn and cotton country. Here are found the large plantations, and the larger portion of the negroes. The northern and northwestern part of the State is more mountainous, and is rich in wheat and other cereals. There is considerable thin land in the State, but boundless fertility in the bottoms. The negroes suffer less from malaria than the whites, and, therefore, they are the chief cultivators of the river bottoms. The lands are owned in large monopolies by the whites, and the negroes rent them, generally at about eighty pounds of cotton per acre, and sometimes at a cash rate of eight to ten dollars per acre.

It is supposed that about one in twenty of the negro voters owns land. This would give about 2,000 negro proprietors in the State who own either farms or houses and lots in town. Many negroes are struggling to become proprietors. The white monopolists agree that negro employers get more work out of their negro hands than masters obtained when they were slaves; and that the cotton is better cultivated and harvested in far better order than formerly. Negroes are preferred to whites both as renters and laborers. White landlords are often sufficiently attentive to their own interest to ride daily over their plantations to advise and encourage their renters. They find no difficulty in collecting the rent from negroes.

No difference is made in wages on account of color. Farm wages are from \$15 to \$18 per month, with board, or \$1 per day without board. In hoeing and picking cotton, women get as much as men when they do as much work.

A renter of 50 acres raises say 30 acres of cotton and 20 of corn. His cotton yields him \$1,800, out of which he pays \$400 rent and \$150 for labor, leaving a net income of \$750. The corn feeds his stock and chiefly supplies his family with food—hog and hominy, ham and dodger. A thrifty negro can safely go into debt several thousand dollars for a farm. The price of bottom land is from \$80 to \$500 per acre.

The planters frequently keep stores on their plantations for the supply of renters and laborers. Nearly every neighborhood has a church and school for colored people, and also a white school. As renters and laborers the two races are treated as equals, because the negroes make up for the prejudice of color by greater industry and fidelity. Indeed, there is a large measure of equality as between the planters and renters as well as between the races. The owner of thousands of acres dwells in about as much of a hovel as the renters, and he has not yet "put on the style" that draws the line of caste. This will not, however, last long. Soon the planter will move into his mansion, and in proportion as he rises will he oppress both renters and laborers.

While speaking of the condition of the negroes in Arkansas we add the facts, officially reported, that in New Orleans during last month but 103 colored persons fed at the public soup-house, while the total number for the month was 4,629—and that, too, while one-third of the people are negroes, giving 1,500 as their proportion at the soup-house. Out of 4,078 persons that applied for lodgings but 68 were negroes. This seems to show that the poor whites of the South are more debased than the negroes. This is the result of the double monopoly that so long prevailed there—the monopoly of the land and the ownership of the laborers. The latter was abolished by the war, and it would have been fortunate had the former also gone into eternal limbo. What is the use of debasing men by keeping up a foul wrong?

Kalakaua is coming to the Centennial show and these are a few of the articles he proposes to bring along for exhibit. Specimens of woods, plain, polished and in section of trees. Furniture, made from native woods. Prepared specimens of birds, fishes, etc. Samples of vegetables and fruits; dried, preserved and green or growing. Ferns, cereals, cocoanuts. Salt, from natural deposits or sun-evaporated. Shells, corals, of all qualities and shades. Geological specimens. Fibrous plants of all kinds, natural and prepared. Aquatic plants. Coffee, in bags. Pulu, in bales. Sugar from each large plantation; samples of different quantities in kegs; sugar cane. Wool, samples from each island, in the fleece or carded. Rice in bags, clean and unclean. Awa, in kegs. Manufactures, feather cloaks, mats, tapas, calabashes, twine from native fibrous materials, ancient stone adzes, fish-hooks, models of canoes, house utensils, models of houses, of former and present times; leather of all kinds, needle-work, shoes, hats, etc. Photographs of Hawaiian objects and scenery. Large map of the archipelago, as a specimen of native knowledge and skill. Model of the islands, made to a scale showing the physical geography and topography of the same; the mountains, valleys, roads, forests, deserts, arable and grazing lands, villages, rivers, volcanoes, harbors and population of each island. Books in the Hawaiian language, newspapers in English and Hawaiian. His Majesty also intends to send for exhibition the ancient weapons of the native chiefs, consisting of spears, daggers and clubs, made of tough, hard and highly-polished wood; slings manufactured from human hair or the fibres of the coconut, with which they throw small, smooth stones with great force and precision. The King also intends sending a feather war cloak made from the feathers of a bird called the manu. The last specimen of these cloaks belonged to Kamehameha I. This cloak occupied five generations of kings in making. Each king furnishes but two feathers of bright yellow, one under each wing, so that an immense number of birds were captured to make this mantle, which is four feet long and eleven feet wide at the bottom. The value of the cloak is \$50,000. The bird from whose feathers this cloak is made is only found in the mountainous parts of the islands, and requires much patience and skill for its capture. The Hawaiian band of native youths are to accompany the King and his escort.

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SUMMER OF LAINES.

Endymion slumbered on a lonely hill
Touched by the moon more silvery than others
Sleep deep and dreamless in the starlight fair;
But quivering the white heaven, a goddess came
Upon the sylvan ambush of his rest;
Forth-like she came to him, a kindled soul;
Her flaming limbs made warm the pale moon-beam.
And sudden flowers broke and bloomed around,
Unfolding to that influence divine,
While he, as if he felt the thrilling joy;
She kissed, she clasped the hunter's breathing form.
More lovely than the forms on bright Olympus,
Transcendent fair; alas, yet mortal too!

But now a cool light rose above the hills
In solemn beauty on the Samian shore.
Loud noising blithe the upspringing bird
Arrowed into the dawn, his clear voice
Ebbing and falling as he won the sky.
And waving, vanished into the luminous pearl
Transfused with airy anæsthetic fumes
That filled the heaven below the morning star.
Diana rose; and like the soaring bird,
She held her way where morning's magic
Approach.

Ethereal floating films of frosted gold
Beneath the splendor of soft Luster,
A flock of pure light pulsing in the dawn
Beyond the solemn and unfrosted sun.

NEXT OF KIN.

A little low unpainted building, looking quite as much like a pig-sty as a human habitation, and this was the only tavern of which Luckenough Gulch could boast. As Marian Drake pronounced up and down the narrow veranda just at that moment radiant with the crimson and orange being cooked in the kitchen close by—her aristocratic nose went up into the air very contemptuously.

"Pleasant, I must say!" she muttered. "I wonder how much longer Uncle Drake intends to keep me here."

Presently a man came slowly up the road, and passed by the veranda steps—a tall, dark, smooth-faced gentleman of about fifty.

"Meditating, my dear niece?" he said, glancing at her with an impudent leer.

"Yes," Marian answered, sharply. "I was wondering how much longer you are going to make an exile of me."

"You don't like it?"

"Nor Montana, I should judge?"

"I hate Montana!" she cried, emphatically.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Gustave Drake. "You shouldn't wear your heart in your sleeve, my dear. The occasion of your dislike is quite evident. Frederick Vane is here."

Marian colored up a little, but she looked more angry than ashamed.

"He will be, though," she said, "if you don't get ready to make a speedy exodus."

Mr. Drake started and glanced sharply at her.

"What do you mean? Vane is not on his way here?"

"Not that I am aware. But he might decide to come. He was not pleased at all that you took me away from New York."

"I should judge not," sneered Drake, looking relieved nevertheless. "It put a stop to his blithering and cooing. Of course he didn't like it."

Marian lifted her shoulders whimsically.

"When are you going to take me home? We've been here three weeks—quite long enough to do a place of this sort, I'm sure."

"I am not tired of Luckenough Gulch," she retorted. "The affair lost its zest long ago. If you think I am going to fall sick, pine away and give up the ghost in this out-of-the-way place, so that you, being next of kin, can claim all my property, you are quite mistaken in your calculations!"

"What did I say?" His face grew ghastly as he thoughtless words.

He paused an instant, glared at her with menace, fear, and hatred in his eyes, and then went stalking past her into the house.

"You shall repent your bravado in daring to address such a remark to me," he said, ere he disappeared.

Marian stood up, as if transfixed. At last a smile rippled over her face.

"That chance shot told," she muttered. "I do believe the wretch must have brought me here with some such thought in his mind. It is very inconvenient, sometimes, to be an heiress. But fortunately I am not afraid of Uncle Drake. I've got too much of my father's spirit for that."

"Will be seen there was no great love between uncle and niece."

Marian had not long to dwell upon the suspicion that had crossed her mind, for a man came round from the rear of the tavern and paused before her.

He was a rough, ungainly-looking fellow, with a shock of untidily yellow hair, and a face very badly scarred and disfigured—not a man to inspire trust, by any means.

"Be you Marian Drake?" he asked.

Marian nodded.

"Then this must be yours, I reckon," and he produced a letter from a hidden pocket in his misbegotten shirt.

"Read that," he said, "and you'll see how I feel about the matter. I tore it open with trembling fingers, and read these words:

"I have followed and tracked you all the way to Luckenough Gulch, dearest. I could not remain in New York when you were gone. I am waiting for you at the cross-roads, half a mile from the tavern. Come to me at once. Your Uncle must not know I am near. The bearer of this note will be your guide. Yours, 'FREDERICK VANE.'"

She crumpled the note, and thrust it into the pocket of her dress. It was her lover's writing beyond a doubt.

"Dear Fred!" she murmured, with a thrill of pleasure. "How he must love me! I shall go to him at once."

Of course I shall go to him at once!" Then turning to the man she said, "Are you here to conduct me to the person who sent that note?"

"I'm just that very chap, mum."

"Then lead the way at once. We have no time to waste."

None indeed, for the sun had dipped into the mountain-gorge at the west long before, and was now slipping out of sight like a great red ball of fire, dropping over the horizon-ridge.

Marian gave one hurried glance behind her to be sure her uncle was not in sight, and then stepped quickly into the sandy road.

"Do you go on before," she said to the man.

He obeyed, muttering something under his breath as he did so. As they walked on in this manner, his tall, massive frame loomed up before her through the purple twilight that began to gather rapidly about them, Marian could not help thinking what a dangerous-looking fellow he was.

"I shall tell Fred to send a messenger of a different stamp another time," she thought, laughing softly to herself.

She was happy and light-hearted as a child, for nearly three months had elapsed since she had parted with her lover in New York, to accompany Gustave Drake, who was her guardian, upon this Western tour. It would be bliss indeed to meet him once again!

Presently the man turned and glanced at her sharply, and struck into a bush-grown path, leading away to the right.

"This is the way, mum—only a few steps further stood stock-still. They had left the settlement some distance behind, and were now in a wild and lonely part of the country. Not a human habi-

tion nor a sign of life was anywhere to be seen.

"There must be some mistake," said Marian, beginning to feel frightened.

"The note said 'at the cross-roads.'"

An ugly sneer distorted the man's face.

"Can't help it," he growled. "We're going the right way—don't you pose it now? Come on!"

But Marian did not stir.

"I'm not going a step further!" she cried sharply. "You can go on yourself, and ask Mr. Vane to come to me here."

"I shan't move without you!"

Marian's heart sank within her at the man's brutal manner. Nevertheless, fixing her bright eyes steadily upon him, she said:

"I believe you are leading me into a trap."

He sneered, and that sneer was enough—it expressed malignant triumph. Marian turned, with a sharp little cry of terror, and would have fled back along the road by which she had come, but the brute, quick as a flash, dropped a hand of steel upon her shoulder.

"Come, my pretty dear," he hissed, "none of that. You don't get away from me so easily. Then, raising his voice, he shouted, 'Bill, Bill!'"

The next instant a second ruffian broke through the low shrubbery that bordered the path, and, coming up quickly, took hold of Marian's disengaged arm.

"Come, my plucky one," said he; "you're wanted. You'd better go with us quiet like."

Marian turned deadly pale, but she saw that resistance would be useless.

"What are you going to do with me?" she demanded.

"You happen to be one too many in this world, and we calculate to put you out of it," answered Bill, with a laugh. "Eh, Steve?"

"Yes, I reckon."

She glanced from one to the other with eyes of fire.

"Shame! shame! Has my uncle hired you to kill me?"

"That's none of your business," retorted Bill, grinning his admiration of her spirit. "That's our affair altogether. All you've got to do is to yield up the ghost gentle like."

She said no more, but suffered the two ruffians to drag her for some distance along the rude path. She saw through the whole vile plot. These men were Gustave Drake's hirelings. He had written that letter to which Frederick Vane's name was signed—a very clear forgery, by the way, since it had declared love on eyes. He meant to get rid of her and claim all her money, as he had hinted, up at the tavern, so short a time before. As next of kin, it would naturally fall to him; and in this out-of-the-way place no questions would be asked.

Presently, when he had grown quite dark, the man paused before a half-ruined cabin, in the heart of the wood.

"Here we are," said Steve. "All quiet. Let's go in."

And in they went, compelling Marian to accompany them, *noisily* to be sure.

John M. Pattison has brought a suit against John Foley for \$1,000 damages, claimed to have been incurred by a fall from a scaffolding at the Water-works some three years, which the plaintiff avers was knowingly constructed by the defendant without proper care as to its safety. A number of other suits by other parties, which received little notice at the time by the fall, have also been filed.

The Mary Chandler case will be resumed to-day and the arguments proceeded with.

The jury in the case of Wm. Purdy vs. Charles Behlen, a suit to recover damages for false imprisonment, rendered a verdict for the plaintiff for \$5.

In the case of Catherine Schoner and others against John J. Schoner, a case which was submitted to the Court for a construction of the will of Paul Schoner, the Court found that the widow was entitled to an absolute one-third of the personal estate of the deceased after payment of debts; to occupy certain rooms in the family residence; to receive weekly the sum of \$5 for market money while she remains the widow of the decedent; to be paid her grocery and meal bill; also the clothing bills of such of the decedent's children while they are entitled to receive support and maintenance from the estate of the decedent.

Wm. C. Draper and others, some time ago, filed suit against W. H. Moore and others, and the case was yesterday decided in the Superior Court. The plaintiffs, Draper and Wm. S. Crawford, made an agreement with W. H. Moore for the publishing of a book called "The Helping Hands for American Homes." Subsequently the defendants, Moore, Wilstach & Moore, formed a partnership in the publishing business, and W. H. Moore obtained a written contract from the plaintiffs for the publication of the book. Subsequently W. H. Moore sold out his partnership, and at the same time gave the plaintiffs a document whereby they might obtain all the copies of the work in the house, as also the material used for printing it, and this was done without knowledge of the other partners. Hence the suit. The Court decreed that the defendants could not be bound to perform the contract made between Moore & Draper on account of the defendants' non-knowledge of the same. The plaintiff also demanded a rescission of the contract because of the failure of the defendants to carry out the same. In this point the Court held that the plaintiffs were entitled to an account, and when the report of the Master was made it would then be time to determine whether, in view of this case, the contract, so far as it refers to the copyright, ought to be rescinded.

Real Estate Transfers.

Henry Stille and others to J. H. Leyman, lot 24 by 127-270 feet, on the north side of York street, 135 feet east of Western avenue—\$3,600.

R. E. Mayers to Wm. Hennessy, lot 60 by 147 feet, on the east side of Parcel avenue, 124 feet north of the Warsaw pike, in the grantor's subdivision in Section 36, Storma township, Twenty-fourth ward—\$1,400.

Thomas Archer to Wm. Archer, lots 1, 2 and 3, in Archer's subdivision, at North Bend; also the grantor's undivided portion of the same tract, about 2 acres—\$1,000.

Same to Mary J. Thornton, lots 6, 7, 8 and 10, same subdivision—\$6,400.

Executor of John Bates to Peter Baker, 6 years' lease of a lot 100 by 135 feet, on the west side of Center street, 127-130 feet south of Locust street, in Avondale, at an annual rent of \$106 1/2, with the privilege of purchasing the same for \$1,750.

Edwin Anderson and others to Joseph Budd, lot 58 in the grantor's addition to Lockland, 50 1/2 by 93-100 feet—\$408.

A. J. Stewart and wife to same, lots 26 and 27, same subdivision, each 50 by 135 feet—\$375.

Martin Fisher and wife to same, lot 58, same subdivision, 50 1/2 by 93-100 feet—\$1,000.

J. F. Taylor and wife to same, lot 52, same subdivision, 50 by 100 feet; also lot 57, same subdivision, 51-52-100 by 83-100 feet—\$235.

R. J. Cochran, assignee, to J. McKee Peoples and T. E. Leagway, the leasehold water property belonging to the Cincinnati Coal & Freight Elevator Co., lying on the south side of the Ohio & Mississippi Railroad, west of Millcreek—\$20,000.

The German Protestant Cemetery Association to S. Zulu and E. W. Deekmann, lot 1,199 on the plot of the Cemetery grounds, Walnut street—\$1,000.

Two tax deeds from the Auditor to A. B. Champion were also left for record.

Executors of S. Longworth to E. J. Mooney, fifty years' lease of 3-3-100 acres, on the north side of Oregon street, northwest of East Third street, at an annual rent of \$135, with

The new owner found some about words in his pocket, and accurately bound the ruffian hand and foot. This done, he rose up, and, darting to Marian's side, clasped her in his arms with a fervor that almost deprived her of the existence he had saved by his fortunate appearance.

"O my darling!"

"O my Fred! Fred!" she shrieked, and came nearer fainting than she had ever done in all her life.

After countless kisses, caresses, and endearing words, Frederick Vane—for it was indeed he—explained his opportune appearance.

"I thought I'd all over after you left New York. I could not sleep or rest. At last I set out to follow you. I tracked you all along the route you had taken, and was on my way to Luckenough Gulch when I became lost in the forest, early this afternoon, and wandered about until this cabin attracted my attention."

Four days later, Gustave Drake received a note which ran thus:

"Your niece did not fall a victim to the ruffians you hired to put her out of the way. She was made my wife this morning. We set out at once for New York, whither you will please forward all moneys and papers belonging to her, as I do not intend a dollar of Marian's fortune shall remain in your hands."

"FREDERICK VANE."

Gustave Drake cursed the sun, moon and stars, and tore his hair—he sent the money and the papers!

Court Outings.

In the United States Court Chas. Melvin, charged with peddling tobacco without giving bonds, J. C. Freeman and Barney Conroy charged with passing counterfeit money, and Chas. Bradford and Thos. Brannan, charged with breaking into a Post-office, all plead not guilty to the charges and were remanded in default of bail. T. B. Mayor, indicted for shipping benzine contrary to law, gave bond for his appearance.

On the petition of the new Bedford Savings Institution, Thos. G. Smith was yesterday appointed receiver of the White-water Valley Railroad.

John Gerke has bonded out his pleasure boat "Star of the West," libeled for wages.

Frank H. Southard, of Zanesville, has been admitted to practice in the United States Court.

George W. King was yesterday appointed administrator of the estate of James D. deceased;